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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Cave of the Waters.

When Chester Williams, David Harlow and Jersey Edwards, young mechanics, had finished work on a mill-house by the upper Gasconade River, they made themselves a box boat, and floated away for St. Louis, their home.

It was early May, and the hilly country was already green. The water was clear and the weather delightful. The three voyagers spent part of their time fishing. Having lived in a tent while working on the mill, they were provided with everything necessary for camp life.

"Boys, let's watch for that cave," Chester said, one afternoon.

"What cave?"

"The one that farmer told us about at noon."

"What about it?"

"I've always heard that the Gasconade cliffs have caves in them, and when I asked that man, he told of one that can be entered only in a boat. The Indians called it the Cave of the Waters. Dave and I thought we'd like to explore it."

"Then we will!" declared Jerry, sitting up. "We'd better fill our lantern!" While drifting by another tall cliff, farther down, they discovered the cave for which they were looking. The entrance was very low, the roof being hardly two feet above the water.

Their lantern burning, they started under the rock. Now each sat on the bottom, leaned far back, and pushed the boat along with his hands against the roof. The farther they pushed the darker grew the cave. At last Chester, in the prow, sat up, held the lantern high, and shouted:

"Here's where the roof rises!"

The cave was perhaps thirty feet wide, the roof twelve or fifteen feet above the water. They gazed around at the gloomy walls, shouting sometimes to wake the echoes. The winding of the cave soon shut out the last rays of daylight. Not till the party had explored three or four hundred yards of cavern did the boat's prow touch bottom. The cave floor sloped upward here, and was perfectly dry. After dragging their boat up the young men continued their explorations on foot, David carrying an oar to kill snakes with, he declared. Slowly they advanced, stopping often. The walls narrowed and widened, and the roof rose and fell. Loose stones littered the floors in places. Stalactites and stalagmites reached down and up, some of them curiously molded. At last the cave forked.

"Let's try the left fork first," proposed Jerry.

This part proved longer than they expected, and they stopped so often that it was two or three hours later when they returned and started to explore the other branch. Chester and Jerry were disposed to take their time. But David said:

"Look here, boys, we mustn't let night overtake us. We've got to find a camping place."

"What time is it, Jerry?" inquired Chester.

Jerry felt in his pocket. "Dropped my watch into the provision box at noon. It can't be late. Let's finish exploring this cave. I wonder if there's any dry outlet."

"There's only the one entrance, that man said, although he believed there was some air communication through crevices," replied Chester.

When at last the end of the fork was reached, the three made their way back to the water.

"Where's the skiff?" exclaimed Jerry.

"Yonder it is, twenty feet away?" answered David, holding up the lantern.

"Well, now, how did that happen?" Chester asked. "I thought we left it aground."

Taking David's oar, he crept along the bank till he could reach the boat. When they were all in Jerry looked at his watch.

"Where's the skiff?"

"Lovely time we'll have making a camp!" grumbled David. "I told you boys—"

The boat started with a jerk toward the river.

"See any daylight ahead, Davy?" Jerry inquired, at last.

"Not a wink! Daylight's on the other side of the globe. If you fellows had listened—hello! Hold up here!"

"What's the matter?" asked Chester.

"Matter enough!" David raised the lantern.

A few yards ahead the stone roof sloped down to the water! For a minute consternation reigned. Finally Jerry said:

"Either the roof has sagged down since we passed in, or the Gasconade has humped itself up. The roof looks solid, so it must be the river. That's what floated our boat."

"Then there has been a storm outside," said Chester. "We can get out in two ways. We must either wait for low water or dive. If the worst comes to the worst, I may be able to dive out."

"Well, I can't Chet, and I'm not going to try!" declared Jerry. "I can't swim!" said David.

"Then we've got to wait a few hours."

"Or a few days; or a few weeks!" David grumbled. "This may be the beginning of a rainy season."

They rowed back to where they could land. After tying their boat, they stuck up an oar at the water's edge, then lugged their provision box and other things up to a dry place. An inventory of their serviceable effects showed a very limited quantity of oil for their lantern, plenty of matches, and food enough to last, perhaps, three days.

After a light supper they made their bed of quilts and blankets on a smooth place. When morning came by the watch—the only way morning could come—the water stood a foot deep round their oar. That fact showed not only that the water was still rising, but that the cave had at least a minor opening sufficient for the passage of the air.

After breakfast they put out their lantern and spent most of the day in darkness, sitting or lying gloomily on their beds. Sometimes they struck a light to look at the water, and late in the afternoon they kept their lantern burning while they ate another sandy meal.

"I'm glad there's something we don't have to stint ourselves with," laughed Jerry, as he brought up a tin bucket of water.

Their river had fallen slightly, and the three prisoners were much encouraged. They slept well, and when the second morning came were elated to find the water still lower. It kept falling slowly during the day. Late in the afternoon they rowed out as far as they could, but had to return without even a glimpse of daylight. They fell asleep assuring one another that some time the next day they could pass out.

But a cruel disappointment awaited them. On awaking, they stuck a light and hurried down to the water only to find it had returned to its highest point of the day before.

"The rainy season has begun, sure enough," said Chester grimly.

This was a dreary day. The three hardly ate at all, and seldom lighted their lantern. Another night passed and another morning came. The river was still creeping up. For hours they sat on their tool-chests or lay on their bed in moody silence.

"Boys," Chester's voice broke out some time in the afternoon, "this is getting unbearable! Why not let's sing!" They all knew something of music, and the black cave was soon resounding with popular airs, patriotic songs—everything lively that any of them knew.

To a listener there would have been something decidedly pathetic in the songs of these prisoners in the earth, as they sat there in the darkness, singing to keep up their courage and fight down despair.

"Do you remember that story the farmer told us, Chet?" asked David, when the singing had ceased.

"What story? I don't think I heard it."

"How a small war-party of Osages was cooped up in here once by Shawnees. A terrible rainstorm raised the river so high that every Indian in the cave was drowned."

"Chet, could the Gasconade rise high enough to flood this cave to the roof?" "I think so," said Chester, "but it would require a cloudburst."

"That Indian legend gives me the horrors," shivered Jerry. "I wish I hadn't heard it. Let's sing." The others agreed. After songs they felt better.

During the next three or four days the river kept rising and falling, the spirits of its three prisoners falling, and rising with it, inversely. Their hunger was growing sharper and sharper; the few mouthfuls of food which they allowed themselves twice a day only stimulated their cravings.

One morning Chester suggested fishing. A scrap of bacon furnished bait, and all that day the three sat holding their lines. But not a nibble did they receive. Discouraged, they set out their hooks and went to bed. On awaking, late the next day, they were delighted at having caught a catfish six or eight inches long.

Splitting up a boat seat, they kindled a little fire on the shore and boiled the fish. It made a light breakfast for three half-starved men, but was better than none. They kept their hooks out constantly after that, but caught nothing.

For hours the next morning the discouraged prisoners lay on their bed in gloomy, brooding silence. Some time in the afternoon Chester leaped to his feet. "Boys, it's time to do something! This darkness is soaking right into me! The wet season sometimes lasts through June. We're out of provisions, and nearly out of oil. We must do something."

"What, Chet?"

"I'm going to dive out, Jerry. I thought of that first; but you boys couldn't go, and I stayed with you. But you need light and food worse than company, and I have a plan to get things to you."

"Chet, you'll only drown yourself," protested David.

"I've determined to go. In my swimming-hole days, back on the farm, I could outdive everybody, thanks to my capacious lungs. I've stayed under water two minutes without inconvenience. The distance I shall have to dive here isn't much more than twenty yards. Our slim diet has left me a little shaky, but I've got strength enough to go through. Outside there's a ledge I can rest on."

"But think of the risk, Chet."

"Yes, there's some, Jerry. Ordinarily I wouldn't attempt such a thing. But we're in such straits that it's even riskier to stay."

After much discussion the venture was postponed until morning. Each had in his tool chest a ball of small but very strong cord, used for lining certain kinds of work. There were about three hundred feet of it.

"This is to be our line of communication," Chester remarked, while winding it on a piece of plank.

Seven o'clock the next morning found them at the outermost edge of the cave. David and Jerry were nervous, but not so Chester. Stripping of everything, he tied the cord around his waist, remarking:

"Hope I won't get my feet tangled in this on the way through."

After some final instructions, he filled his lungs a few times, then lowered himself into the water, shivering a little at its coldness.

"Well, boys, keep up your courage. You'll get out all right."

Still grasping the boat the courageous fellow filled his powerful lungs. The next moment he faced toward the river, and disappeared under the rock.

"Watch him!" exclaimed Jerry, excitedly, playing out the cord.

"He's slipping through there like an eel! Can't he swim!" But presently the string ceased to run out. The two waited breathlessly, almost counting their heartbeats.

"He's not through yet! What can be the matter?"

Jerry made no reply, but watched the cord anxiously. A few more seconds dragged by, and then the cord started. When it stopped again Jerry pulled, and felt an answering pull. Then the cord began to jerk.

"Five jerks—the signal for 'all right!'" cried Jerry, delightedly.

They tied Chester's clothes, hat and shoes in a bundle, looped the cord securely around it, and after giving three jerks, the signal for "pull," dropped it into the water.

It vanished under the rock.

When the cord stopped running out, five jerks came back. Chester had his clothes.

After a few minutes Jerry pulled the cord and found it fast. This meant that it was tied to a point of rock, and that Chester was probably swimming the river.

Now David blew out the lantern, and they sat for two or three hours waiting in the darkness. At last Jerry, who was holding the string felt a signal to pull. "Light up, quick, Dave! There's something coming!"

A streaming tow-sack soon came up out of the water. Jerry untied it, and took out a large glass fruit-jar, of the self-sealing kind.

"Something to eat! And they've sent it to us dry. Here's a paper, too," he added, after unscrewing the top. He read as follows:

"I made it through, but rammed my head against a rock, and nearly strangled myself. Would rather not try to dive back if you can get along without me. The farmer living nearest has treated me very kindly, and will help me keep you supplied with whatever you need. He and I are in his boat. It has rained every day since we got trapped, and there's no sign of dry weather yet. Send the jar back. We've got more for you."

The jar was emptied and returned. A bottle came next. David uncorked it.

"Coal-oil! No more darkness for us!" He laughed like a delighted child. "Write Chet that he needn't come back. We're all right now."

After receiving more provisions and exchanging a few notes with Chester, they fastened the cord to a stick stuck into a rocky revet, and rowed back to dry ground. With their lantern burning constantly, they spent the day eating and sleeping. At five o'clock they went out and drew in more provisions, with a note from Chester, stating that rain was pouring down outside, he and Mr. Baker, his farmer friend, being under umbrellas.

Three times daily during the next few days bottled victuals and messages came from the outside world. Once they received a jar of newspapers. While the food was necessarily cold, every delicacy the country afforded was theirs. Cakes and pies, preserves and jellies, bottles of honey and bottles of milk, fruits and many other things reached them in abundance.

Chester wrote that the whole community was excited. The neighbors watched the clouds and the river anxiously, and came often to inquire how the prisoners in the cave were faring.

"What a wonderful change! Everything to eat that heart could desire, and the center of interest!" He laughed David. "A few days ago we could have drowned or starved to death, and nobody would ever have been the wiser."

One morning they found the water very high. This was discouraging; for in spite of their improved situation, they were longing to escape from the darkness and gloom. A note from Chester stated that there had been a terrific rain-storm the night before, and that the indications now foretold dry weather.

This welcome news was soon confirmed by the going down of the water. All day it kept falling slowly, and during the night and the following day. Late in the afternoon light could be seen between the water and the rock, and David and Jerry talked with Chester and the farmer. But the space was too narrow to escape through, and they spent another night in the cavern.

By the following morning the river was low enough for their boat to pass out although they had to lie flat on their backs.

As the boat glided from under the cliff, and the two sat up, blinking in the strong light of day,—the seventeenth day since they had seen the sunlight,—cheers were heard.

Besides the boat containing Chester and Mr. Baker, four other boats were gathered near, and on the far bank stood nearly a hundred people, waving. Word had gone round that the two prisoners would be able to escape this morning and half the neighborhood had assembled to see them come out.

"Glad to see you again, boys!" exclaimed Chester.

Mr. Baker also greeted them cheerfully, and so did those in the other boats. When the whole party had

rowed across, the people on the shore crowded round Jerry and David, and shook their hands with a heartiness which made the two young fellows feel as if they had come among warm friends.

The three remained in the neighborhood a few days and were hospitably treated. When at last they resumed their voyage, their pleasant recollection had largely effaced the gloomy memories of the long, long night spent in the Cave of the Waters.—*Youth's Companion.*

Evils of Gossip.

"I am sure I have no ill feeling toward the people I abuse," said pretty Lady Teazle. And that is the way with many other pretty ladies who talk about their neighbors. There is no resemblance in the world between gossip and slander. The first is the natural spice in the dish of life. The other is venomous poison. The gossiping woman is apt to be good natured and with a talent for mimicry; and I have rarely known one who either meant or made harm for any one.

Conversation without personalities may be blameless; but it is not warranted to keep any one awake. We like to hear about other people's tricks and manners. And if we say we do not we are humbugs, every one of us. You say: "When I hear a person speak of the odd ways or dress or speech of an absent one, I know she will say the same things about me the minute my back is turned."

To be sure she will, and that is what makes it so beautifully fair. She will not be likely to say the same things if you are in the least original. Maybe you will say something bright; if you do she will repeat it, giving you full credit and maybe adding a word or so of appreciation. I have known gossips to do that. Or you may, in some unguarded moment, speak a generous word for the man who has stumbled, or the woman who has made a mistake. And it is the gossip whose tongue trembles with eagerness to tell it—perhaps to the very ones to whom it may be a trumpet note of new hope and fresh cheer.

I knew a woman who gathered up all the news of a neighborhood as unflinchingly as a magnet gathers particles of steel. But there was this difference. Everything she heard passed through her mind and came out purified and sweet. People called her a liar. Maybe she was. If so there is now a liar standing in the glory of the throne of God. For she went about healing wounds of hate with her soft words as sword cuts are cured with the leaves of violets; and soothing stings and insults with the tenderest untruths. I have seen her flutter like a dove between enemies, translating their bitter words into kindly messages and slipping away when they came to think so well of each other that they would clasp hands. And a tea party or sewing circle she attended was always twittering with gossip infused with charity to all. She was a little, drab woman, with pale, near-sighted eyes. But I believe her way to heaven was paved with roses springing upward from the lies that she told.

Men love to hear gossip, and they are nearly all retailers of it. Show me the woman who refuses to talk of people in a living way, and I will show you the one left to her own company. The practice has been condemned because it has been regarded as near of kin to slander. But the heaven of good nature will always keep gossip free from that. If the talk begins to be a trifle unkind, a pleasant word will divert it as surely as an arrow may change the course of an avalanche.

A friend of mine, Mrs. Allen, is noted for her dinner parties. She has the tact and art to harmonize dishes and people. On this evening of which I speak, a young governor from one of the beautiful Southern States was the guest of honor, and the girls were preening like paradise birds ready to fly into his garden. I do not mean all of them. Mildred had never learned to preen. She was only invited down at the last minute, when Mrs. Allen had a telegram from one of her expected

guests, and rushed up to her governess to say:

"If you have a muslin dress put it on and come down. Mrs. Rose cannot be here, and I must not ask the governor to be one of 13 at table. He would take it as an omen he would never have a second term."

So the girl dressed to dine with the distinguished guest; and she looked very sweet and young with a rose in her hair and others in her cheeks, and her eyes shining with the joy of the living.

She did not say much, but she listened and that for a woman is better, much better. But after a while, when one man had been talked about a great deal and had begun to be criticized some, she said, quite brightly and innocently:

"There really must be something very fine about Mr. Blank, because we are all so much interested in him."

"That is proof beyond doubt," said the young statesman; and in a moment the rest had discovered a dozen good points in the subject, but a moment before trembling to his downfall.

A month later the governor and governess discussed the incident.

"I think I began to love you, then, when you spoke so sweetly for that stranger," he said. "But, of course, I cannot expect that you found any interest in me at that time. Did you?"

"No-o," she admitted, reluctantly.

"But now," he urged, eagerly, noting the light in her hair, the glow in her cheeks and the blue eyes, veiled, but shining. "Now—"

"Ah," she whispered, "that—that is a different matter."—*Grace Duffie Boylan in Washington Star.*

Indian Magic.

Nearly everybody has heard of and wondered at the mango-growing trick of the Hindoos, by which he makes seed sprout before the astonished eyes of the European, and reach maturity in a very short time.

But few are aware that an equally amazing feat is regularly performed by the Zuni Indians on this continent. Their medicine men at the annual "corn festival" do a stunt of which no satisfactory explanation has ever been advanced. Scientists seeing it have been made, as a cow-boy described it, "look like 30 cents."

Preparation is made for this extraordinary Zuni performance by spreading a large square of lean, yellowish sand, on the ground before the southern aperture of the medicine lodge. This sand is carefully smoothed and packed so as to present a firm, level surface.

Around the edges of the sand square are then drawn, by means of a ceremonial arrow, figures representing the Great Spirit, the earth, the sun, the sky and the rain. There are also the symbols for corn and for a bountiful harvest.

The indentations made by the arrow are then filled in with pigments, the clouds and sky with blue, the earth with black and the harvest with chrome yellow. The center of the square is left vacant. When completed, this sand painting is a fine specimen of barbaric art and is far from displeasing to a civilized eye.

When the hour arrives, the officiating medicine man takes his seat in the opening of the lodge facing the square. On his right and left, extending out around the square, the chiefs and warriors range themselves according to rank. When all are in position, the medicine man fills the ceremonial pipe with tobacco, lights it and blows one puff of smoke to the east, one to the west, one to the north, one to the south and two to the heavens. He then addresses those assembled, recounting religious history of the tribe, its wanderings and famine, and the benevolence of the Great Spirit in the past. He closes with a prayer for the continuance of fatherly care.

Then he takes a grain of corn from the medicine bag at his waist, thrusts the sacred arrow into the center of the sand square, withdraws it, drops the grain into the opening and carefully smooths down the sand. Resuming his seat, all the assembled chiefs light their pipes and smoke in silence.

If the Great Spirit condescends to answer the prayer of the medicine man, as generally happens, the grain of corn will sprout and send forth a shoot.

After an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes the sand seems disturbed at the spot where the corn was buried. Soon slender light green blades of sprouting corn appear above the surface. The plant rises naturally and rapidly during the day.

By the next sunrise the silk and tassels appear. By noon the ear and stalk have reached full maturity.

Then ripening begins. Finally the blade and husks turn yellow and rattle when they are shaken by the wind. All this, mind you, has been done in thirty-six hours.

On the morning of the second day the corn growing is complete. The medicine man now addresses watchers, who in company have "watched" the plant grow, for it is never left alone. With appropriate ceremonies he symbolizes the harvest by stripping the ear of its husks.

The corn he places in the medicine bag for future ceremonies, while the stalk is pulled up by the roots and hung over the door of the lodge. The long vigil of the watchers is now ended, and they seek much needed rest and food in order to be ready for the rain dance on the following day.

Every white man witnessing one of these ceremonies is deeply mystified. Above all, he is filled with admiration for the old medicine man. So natural and mysterious has been the process that the spectators feel at times disposed to believe in the presence of some supernatural power.

Yet every sane person knows that this performance has nothing unnatural about it. No white man, however, has discovered the secret. The absence of stage paraphernalia and the crude mechanical knowledge of the Zunis add to the mystery of the whole thing.

Various theories have advanced in explanation. One is that some shrewd old medicine man discovered by accident some peculiar natural chemical that has the power of forcing the growth of a grain of corn and that this secret has been handed down from one generation of priests to another.

Another favorite explanation is that by great skill the medicine man is able to hypnotize the entire circle of spectators and so produce the result without apparatus of any kind save a yellow stalk of corn from the last harvest.

Others say the feat is accomplished by elaborate machinery concealed in a pit.

But nobody knows exactly.

The Editor's Wish.

"My poor friend, you have but a few minutes longer to live," said the kind old doctor at the bedside of the editor of the Ruralville Bazaar. "Is there any last request you wish to have carried out after you are gone?"

"Tell the foreman," said the dying scribe, feebly. "To do by us as we have always done by others, and give us as flattering obituary notice as his conscience will permit him to. Re-quest him, too, to run it at the top of the editorial column, next to pure reading matter, and also to call attention to it in a local paragraph. This is a luxury we have never felt able to afford ourselves until now, but we feel that under these circumstances it is a pardonable exhibition of vanity on our part—a man never dies but once, you know. And by the way, kindly request the marble cutter to carve on our tombstone beneath the customary statement of the facts in the case, the legend: We Are Here to Stay."

NOTICE.

A "Rubber Party" will be given by the St. Francis De Sales Sick Benefit Association for the Deaf, on Shrove Tuesday evening, February 24th. Admission, ten cents, including refreshments. Bring old worn-out rubbers with you. Come one! Come all!

Misses CORNUS, CARROLL, Messrs. JACOB HELMER, PH. STAFFELINGER, Committee

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

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EDWIN A. RODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1684 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all beholding sun
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose force of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race"

GEORGIA.

THE WORK BEING DONE AT THE STATE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, CAVE SPRINGS, IS REVIEWED.

Never to have heard a sound or spoken a word is the condition of numbers of citizens of the State of Georgia. A trip through the Georgia State school for the deaf and dumb at Cave Spring, Ga., will, at least, excite within each bosom a feeling of intense gratitude, if the person be the possessor of perfect faculties. A sight more pathetic is seldom to be seen than that afforded by a group of seventy five or a hundred deaf and dumb persons who gesticulating and making appalling facial grimaces. To the casual observer these various and ludicrous signs and motions are the veriest nonsense, but to these poor people it is a means by which they communicate to each other their secrets and their wants.

The history of the deaf and dumb school in Georgia dates as far back as 1833, from which time up to the year 1847 Georgia annually appropriated a certain sum for the education of her deaf and dumb citizens. This money was expended in sending the deaf and dumb to the American School for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, Conn. In 1847, the Georgia legislature appropriated money for the establishment of a Georgia school for the deaf and dumb, and directed its location at Cave Spring, Ga. On July 1, 1849, the buildings were completed and the school began its first legitimate work. The history of the school from that day up to the present time has been one filled with many varied experiences; many times the outlook has been dark, but a solution for every vexing problem has finally come.

WORKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The problems before the trustees of the institution to day are the lack of dormitory room and the lack of funds for prosecution of the various departments of education possible to be given deaf and dumb pupils; for the effort of the school is not simply to teach them how better to communicate with each other, but to give them trades and make them self-supporting citizens. The school had a well equipped art department and the scholars were advancing rapidly in the art of drawing, painting, molding, etc., but for lack of sufficient funds this department of education has been temporarily closed. For a time a wood carving department was the means of developing some expert wood carvers, whose work was exquisite and from all appearances equal to any on the market. But the greatest and most pressing need to-day is sufficient dormitory room for the healthful accommodation of the children. Especially is this true in the girl's department, where in rooms with only one window it is necessary to sleep from ten to twelve girls. This fact so appalled a member of the senate committee of inspection, who is a physician, as to lead him to exclaim:

"For that many children to sleep in this room in simply criminal."
In rooms 15 to 17 feet are crowded six single beds, upon each of these small single beds are put two children. Some of the so-called beds are simply frames with boards nailed across them, having no greater width than an ordinary cot; yet when a mattress and cover is placed on the crude makeshift two children are compelled to spend the night upon it. In spite of such a condition as this, careful management has prevented any serious epidemic of disease. Scarlet fever and other contagious diseases have been brought into the school, but through the work of the hospital department no spread of the disease has resulted.

The greatest economy is evident on all sides of the work, and the food bill for the past ten years has

not exceeded an average of 11 cents a head per day, while other expenses are at a similar low ratio. The dining room is not more than half as large it should be, and in discussing the matter, Superintendent Connor said:

"It is almost an impossibility to teach the proper table manners when such a crowded condition exists. If we had a room large enough to allow us separate tables for every half dozen or dozen persons, the children would quickly learn to have a pride in the manners and condition of their respective tables."

President Harris, of the board of trustees, expressed the belief that if the condition of affairs was generally known they would soon be given what they needed. He said:

"I have longed to get the facts before the people of Georgia, believing that if the truth were known we would soon be given what we needed. We have economized until we have reached the painful point of economy. If the noble hearted people of Georgia would come and see how great is our need at the present time, and on what economical scale everything is conducted, I believe they would come to our rescue."

The first effort of teachers is to give the power of speech, if it be possible. Various methods are employed, but if after a seasonable length of time the pupil shows no advancement, the effort is abandoned and the child sent into the sign department. As early as their ability to converse, either by word or sign justifies it, their education in the various lines of trade is begun. This training is carried forward in a building known as the "shops." Here it is that the deaf and dumb are taught to be bread-winners and self-supporting citizens. The basement of the building is fitted with improved wood carving and sawing machinery and other machinery necessary. Hundreds of cabinets, wherein the students keep their belongings, are made in the woodworking department of the shops, and the style and finish of same show that the scholars are prepared to enter and successfully compete with any one in the various cabinet and woodwork manufactories of the country. We are all familiar with the deaf and dumb shoemaker and repairer, and in the school are scholars who will soon go out to earn their living at this trade. The shoemaking department is complete and presided over by a competent deaf and dumb superintendent.

The printing trade and allied arts are taught in the printing department. The students of this department, besides general printing, get out the annual report of the institution, which is always neatly and artistically executed, and publish a little paper "for and by the children of the Georgia School for the Deaf and Dumb."

THE NEGRO DEPARTMENT.

A trip through the negro department shows its condition to be one demanding a radical change at once, or else an abolishment of this department. The condition of affairs in this department is far from what it should be, and an immediate remedy should be sought. There has been no money with which to properly equip it, consequently the beds, bedding and clothes of the inmates are not what they should be. There are only forty inmates, all told, and no effort is made to do anything with them save teach them either sign language or, if possible, some ability to speak. Of course, if the effort were made to give them trades, an entire corps of teachers would be necessary, and there is no money for this purpose. The head of this department is an old negro preacher, who seems a good and faithful old soul, but in spite of all that is done for them it is hardly possible, under existing conditions, for a considerable amount of summering in the winter not to occur in this department. It looks as though they should either be refused admittance or else properly cared for.

GENERAL EQUIPMENT OF THE SCHOOL.

There are five large buildings on the property, one of which is the laundry, electric light and heating plant. The other four buildings are the school building, the dormitory, the shops and the negro building. Through the property there runs a good-sized creek, the water of which is conducted to a water-wheel, and there made to pump the water all over the property. The results obtained from the effort to teach those born deaf the power of speech are very extraordinary. Only a small per cent. are taught to speak, it is true, but if only one out of a hundred were given the power of speech the labor of teachers would not be in vain. Of course, the modulation of the voice is a most difficult problem, as the inability of the student to hear its own voice causes a fluctuation of the voice up and down. It is a fact worthy of note that almost all deaf persons have voices whose quality is exceedingly thin. A peculiarity of the voice of a deaf person is the fact that most of their tones begin low and guttural in commencing a sentence, and break high and thin in the closing of it. There are now over two hundred students at

the school, and great numbers are applying for admission who cannot be accommodated. The age of admission ranges from about ten to twenty-three years, and no student is allowed to remain a total of more than ten years.—Edward Young, Clarke, Jr., in Atlanta Constitution.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

Saturday evening, the 17th of January, a sociable was held at the parish rooms of the Church of the Good Shepherd, it being the first venture and first occasion. There was a fair attendance of deaf-mutes with their hearing friends, and the affair was a gratifying success. Before the curtain was raised for a little tableaux, the chairman, Mr. C. D. Edmonston, mounted the platform and gave a neat address of welcome. The tableaux were very comical, which kept those present laughing, with tears running down their cheeks in torrents. Those who took part in it were Mr. John C. Dobbs and Miss Sarah Edmonston, as an old couple, W. Ogle, as Happy Hooligan, Thos. Orman, as a darkey of the darkest color, Chas. Jondzonka as a burly policeman. Happy Hooligan and the darkey led the fun, and came to grief and were arrested, etc.

Miss Agnes Russell gave in graceful signs "Nearer, My God, To Thee," and Miss Ruth Edmonston followed her signs by speaking for the hearing people.

A potatoe race was had, and Miss Georgia Dobbs won, Mamie Calander second, Etta Martine, third, Mrs. Ida Decker, fourth. In the second race, Mrs. Decker won, and was awarded the first prize, a cut glass fruit dish. The bean guessing contest was won by little Tommy Dobbs, his prize being a cute and dainty little china cup and saucer, suitable for such a little fellow as he is. Refreshments, consisting of coffee, sandwiches, pickles and cake were served around free. Mrs. E. M. Weygant donated mixed cake, and Miss Ruth Edmonston made three kinds of delicious cake. Before the pleasant affair was over, some music was played on the piano by Miss L. Wygant, afterward by Miss Amelia Jondzonka, accompanied by Mr. Albert Shanton, with "Home, Sweet Home."

Being a pleasant success, the Committee of Arrangements will venture getting up another of that kind at some future date. The committee consisted of Messrs C. D. Edmonston and John H. Dobbs, Misses Mary E. Riley and Sarah Edmonston. They were ably assisted by Mrs. T. Martine and Miss Ruth Edmonston, who kindly extended their services. A nice sum of money was netted out of this affair and sent to Rev. Mr. Chamberlain for the benefit of the Gallaudet Home. A cordial note of thanks was received from him by Mr. C. D. Edmonston.

Those out-of-town present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Mann, of Yonkers, old hilly Newburgh being Mrs. Mann's birthplace; Mr. Merritt Ostrander, of Kingston, and Mr. Linderman, of Cold Spring.

A service was held here the following Sunday by Mr. Mann, and there was a good sized attendance.

Mr. George Clum, father of Mrs. Louisa Munger, of Salisbury Centre, Herkimer, N. Y., died in this city at the residence of his son, and was buried in the family plot at Menerville, N. Y. Mrs. Munger has a number of friends here, and they extend to her their sincerest sympathy, with the writer.

Prince Henry, of Prospect Place Borough, graced old hilly Newburgh with his saintly presence on New Year's Day, as the guest of Mr. John Dobbs.

Mr. William Terbush, formerly of Danbury, Conn., has been employed at the lat factory of W. Carroll & Co., at Mattawan, but owing to the coal famine at that shop, has been visiting his brother and family, the Rev. George Terbush, Presiding Elder of Alleghany, Pa., since Christmas Day.

We learn with much regret that Mr. Stephen Hannon, of Kingston, N. Y., has been ill since last summer, but at present is reported to be recovering slowly.

The father of Mr. Tom Orman is thinking of moving his family to Passaic, N. J. Newburghers are sorry to lose Jolly, genial Tom.

Miss Belle Brown, formerly of this city, but now of Boston, Mass., has been visiting her mother here for two weeks, and returned to Boston last Sunday.

Mr. George Graham Witschief, attorney-at-law, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Witschief, of Port Jervis, has been ill with typhoid fever here, at St. Luke's Hospital, for the past six weeks, but will be able to be out this week.

MOLLIE.

CHURCH NOTICES.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY, FEBRUARY 1ST.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M. Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Sociable in St. Ann's Guild room, Tuesday evening, February 3d, entirely free. All are welcome.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Not to be Classed with Charities.

AN EVENING WITH SCOTT.

Kappa Gamma Initiations.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

According to an article in the Washington Post, of January 12th, and which was printed in the JOURNAL last week, the Board of Directors of the American Association to Promote Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, are under the impression that it is the intention of the management of the St. Louis Exposition to place the exhibits of the schools for the deaf in the Department of Charities and Correction. This article which appeared in the Washington Star, of January 13, we believe, will convince them that the exposition authorities do not intend to do anything of that sort unless they have since broken faith with the committee appointed to arrange the exhibit of the American Schools for the Deaf, and with whom they had a conference in St. Louis last Spring.

CORRECT STATUS OF THE PROPOSED EXHIBIT AT ST. LOUIS.

May I ask a little room in the columns of your paper to correct an error which was published Monday evening in connection with a notice of the meeting of the directors of the American Association to Promote Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, of which Dr. A. Graham Bell is president? The statement that the authorities of the St. Louis world's fair exhibition have undertaken to classify the schools for the deaf with the department of charities and corrections is entirely a mistake. Some months ago the officers of the convention of American instructors of the deaf, an organization which has existed for many years, and of which I have the honor to be president, appointed a committee of six to arrange a general exhibit of the schools for the deaf in this country at St. Louis. I was made chairman of this committee, and the other members of it are Mr. N. B. McKee, superintendent of the state school for the deaf of Missouri; Mr. Henry C. Hammond, superintendent of the state school for the deaf of Kansas; Rev. J. W. Cloud, principal of the day school for the deaf of St. Louis; Miss Mary McCowen, principal of the day schools for the deaf of Chicago, Ill., and Mr. Pope, an instructor in the state school of Nebraska. This committee held a meeting in Missouri last spring and had full conference with the officers of the exposition, and they definitely arranged that a comprehensive exhibit of the schools for the deaf in this country should be made, and ample space was promised in the building especially provided for the department of education. Much progress has been made in the arrangements for this general exhibit, and there has been no thought at any time of its being classified with the department of charities and corrections. In this exhibit the schools for the deaf throughout the country will have full opportunity for setting forth everything they may desire to present as to their methods, and there is reason to believe that the exhibit will surpass in fullness and interest anything that has ever been presented at any world's fair in the past.

E. M. GALLAUDET.

The O. W. L. S. held its first literary meeting of this term on Saturday evening, the 24th. The following program was successfully carried out:

AN EVENING WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I. Sketch of the Life of Sir Walter Scott.....Miss Hansen, '04
II. Scene from "Marmion".....Miss Fisch, '05
Conscience De Develry.....Miss Marshall, '05
Priest.....Miss Thornton, I. C.
Executioner.....Miss Goslin, I. C.
Monk.....Miss Tade, I. C.

III. The Story of Ivanhoe.

IV. Scene from "Ivanhoe".....Rebecca in Prison.....Miss Markes, I. C.
Brian De Bois Guilbert.....Miss MacPhail, '03
V. Declaration of a Soldier. Rest of "The Lady of the Lake".....Miss Dickson, I. C.

Characters:
Soldier.....Miss Fisch, '05
Fairies.....Miss Henderson, '06
Miss Bigley, I. C.

VI. Critic's Report.....Miss Peet

The third annual convocation of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity was held Saturday night, and the following candidates for the divine favor of Vishnu, our Patron, were initiated with ceremonies and solemnity befitting his exaltedness: Messrs. Forse, Applegate, Reichard, Clark, Lindstrom and Mikesell, all of the Freshman class. Not until after they were anointed with the sacred oil, by the chief priests, and their raiments were made to exhale the odors of frankincense and myrrh, which pleaseth him, did His Sereneness condescend to imply that the supplicants prayeth not in vain. In fact he was so pleased at their profession of humility that he did inspire to his servant, as a special mark of favor that they be dubbed with the Sacred Seimeter, which revealed his gentle presence to their souls. All the brothers, including Brother Prof. Hall, were present, and it was not until the twelfth hour of darkness, that the convocation was over, the lights in the council chamber turned out, and the faithful brethren had dispersed to their couches and pallets of straw, the older brethren to ponder and meditate on the virtue and munificence of His Sereneness, manifested toward all supplicants for favor, and the new brethren to a soothing sleep and rest which their overburdened souls long for after being loaded with favors from our Patron.

Prof. Draper lectured to the students, Friday evening, his subject being, "The Coast of Maine."

Miss Montgomery is stopping at Prof. and Mrs. Hall's for the rest of the winter. Her sojourn there

brings her very near Kendall Green.

The petition to the Faculty for a dance has been granted. The dance will take place February 21st, and the committee having the affair in charge are Hewetson, '03, chairman; Cameron, '04, Hunter, '05, and Forse, '06.

The Buff and Blue will be out Friday, rather late owing to the prolonged Christmas vacation, and the inability of the editors to procure copy early, but in the future we trust it will be out not later than the twentieth of the month.

"Martin Luther and the Reformation," was the subject of an interesting discourse delivered by Prof. Day, Sunday afternoon. The rise of the Papacy, the corruption of the Church, the Protestant Reformation, and the Catholic Counter reformation, were gone over in part and listened to with great attention. For once, some of the students forgot to indulge in their habitual Sunday afternoon siesta, in listening to this interesting lecture.

Snow fell Saturday afternoon, but not to a thickness sufficient for coasting, and the owners of the bob-sleds (Bobs is one of them, don't you know) are still despairing.

Foreman, '03, is still confined to his bed, but is rapidly on the road to recovery, we are glad to state. Last week he was operated on, and then removed to the hospital.

The Kappa Gamma Fraternity will have its annual banquet two weeks hence. Brothers Fieck, '03, Friedman, '04, and Meunier, '05, the committee in charge, are making efforts to have it held in one of the city hotels, instead of in the dining hall, as has been the custom.

Clark, '02, according to the Utah Eagle, is still in Ogden, Utah, and for some time had been employed as a substitute teacher at the School for the Deaf located there.

Jan. 26, '03. P. T. HUGHES.

BALTIMORE.

Baltimore has an Alice Roosevelt. She is the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Hollenshade, 926 Burgundy alley, and was born on December 16, 1902. The christening of the child was delayed because Mr. Hollenshade desired to have her named after the daughter of the President. With this end in view, he wrote President Roosevelt, and a few days ago received a personal letter from the White House signed by Miss Alice Roosevelt, and the ceremony took place yesterday afternoon.

It was performed by Rev. D. E. Moylan, pastor of Eutaw Street Methodist Episcopal Church. Mute Mission, in the sign language. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hollenshade are deaf and attend Eutaw church. Little Alice, however, gives indications of having full possession of vocal powers, and if she is as fortunate as her namesake, is destined to great things. She is a bright infant and one of four living children of Mr. and Mrs. Hollenshade.

Although the couple are deaf and have never been able to utter a word, all the children are able to talk and have control of their vocal powers. The latest addition to the household gives indications of being exceedingly healthy.

Mrs. O. J. Whildin recently returned home from Florida, after a three months' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Smith expect to move into another house near his place of business this week.

Mrs. Sadie Unsworth is still sick but is slowly regaining her former health.

Mr. Louis Kampe is quite sick and is suffering from Pulmonary Tuberculosis.

Mr. Philip is the happy possessor of a fine new incubator, which he bought from a New York firm. He has been very successful in hatching chicks from a small incubator during last season.

Harry T. Reamy is looking around for a small farm, and expects to engage in the poultry business on a large scale the coming spring. Certainly we wish him great success in his new venture.

The fair and oyster supper at the P. E. Church proved very successful, and as a consequence Rev. Whildin is in a very happy frame of mind. Wm. McKelroy was the chairman of the committee of arrangements.

Mr. Wm. Hollenshade has become disgusted with Baltimore and hid himself to Harford. He works for Mr. Kennedy, on his farm.

Harry Palmer, of Perryman, called to see us Thursday, 22nd, looking hale and hearty. He has been hunting, up in Harford County woods, with Mr. George A. Gallion, and they killed rabbits by the carload.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tyre, of Ridgely, were in town recently, but their stay was of short duration, as they returned just after visiting relatives.

Little Mabel Brandt has just recovered from an attack of the measles. Mr. and Mrs. Buxton's three children are now sick with the disease.

Mr. Wurdeman, of Washington, paid a flying visit to New York. He passed through this city last

Sunday, from the metropolis, en route to Washington.

Thursday, January, 22nd Rev. Moylan was called to Hadd Re Grace, to preach in a church to a large crowd of hearing people.

Mr. A. C. Buxton, after spending the holidays with his family, left town Monday, January 12th, and is now touring central Pennsylvania. He expects to return home on February 7th.

Mr. Thomas Lamb, of Lankford, Md., is still in town, and expects to stay till spring.

Jan. 26, 1903. HARRY W.

PITTSBURG, PENNA.

The Committee, consisting of ye scribe, as Chairman, John Friend, ex-'04, Elmer Havens, ex-'04, John Rolshouse and Miss Belle Winch, appointed last year to draft a constitution and by-laws for an alumni association of Edgewood Park School, met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allabough, at the time of the Curiosity-box Party. The only absentee was Mr. John Rolshouse, Miss Winch having resigned last Autumn. What transpired will be made known when a convenient date for all to convene can be decided upon.

Those who attended the Curiosity-box Party enjoyed themselves immensely. A queer coincidence was noticed. The festival came on the 24th inst., which happened to be the birthday of Colonel Sawhill, (now on the retired list); being noted for shrewdness, he was made auctioneer for the evening. He evinced his cunningness at this business, by raising a bid a quarter or more higher than the last bidder bid, and thereby making the boxes quite dear. However, the Home at Doylestown being in view, bids went up as high as \$2.50 a box, be it small or large. In this way \$40 85 was collected.

Last Saturday, Prof. G. M. Teegarden recited "The Lady of the Lake," in signs distinctively impressive—so impressive, as to keep all attentive. For this, the Home got about \$30. The pledge of the Local Branch, that it send not less than \$100 to the Home, for the purpose of lifting the mortgage on the Home will soon be fulfilled.

James Friend, of Bradock, a pupil at Western Pennsylvania Institution, was going home one day from school. He turned a corner, where there were a lot of big boys, on whose faces was imprinted mischief. Being aware that James is a mute, they waited till he was some yards away and then began to bombard him with snow balls. So many missed the target that James turned around to—well, he alone knows what for—and as he did so, a hard snow-ball was but a couple of feet away in the direction of his nose and instead of dodging it, he caught it with his left hand. It was done so suddenly and unexpectedly, that the bombardment ceased. James, dropping the ball, bowed with Alphonse-Gaston politeness, and then continued his way home. After this he was not menaced again.

Mr. Archibald Woodside, of cork-cutting fame, met with a serious accident recently. He went to the cellar of his home to coax the frozen water-pipes to perform their good offices. He got a chair minus one leg and as he got upon it, it resented, and threw him backward. As a consequence, he fell against some pipe, so injuring him in the back of the neck that he was rendered unconscious for an hour and a half. He is all right now, however. See what mischief a three-legged chair is capable of.

D. E. MORAN.

NOTICE.

The next regular meeting of the Brooklyn Guild will be held at St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near Willoughby Avenue, on Thursday evening, February 5th next. On this occasion all members are earnestly requested to be present, as affairs of great importance to the Guild will be transacted. Among other business to come up for final decision is that of sick benefits and insurance for members and the completion of arrangements for the Guild's St. Valentine's Party, which takes place on the evening of February 12th. Non-members admitted to all business meetings on payment of ten cents. All mail matter for the Brooklyn Guild should sent to the corresponding secretary, at 78 South Fourth Street.

H. L. JUHRING,

President.

G. L. REYNOLDS,

Corresponding Secretary.

Deaf-Mute Shot.

A deaf-mute at a farmer's door, at Pikeville N. C., recently, received a load of gunshot in his breast because he could not make himself understood. He is expected to die. The man, who is a negro, named Coley, went to the home of Silas Pike about daybreak and rapped for admittance. A son of Mr. Pike went to the door and inquired who was there. Receiving no response he took a gun and opened the door. Coley attempted to push by him into the house, when Pike fired at him. It is understood that Coley's visit to the house was for a proper purpose.—Richmond (Va.) Times.

Proctor's Attractions.

WEEK OF FEB. 2, 1903.

A gala week of star attractions and headline vaudeville will mark the opening of February next week in all the Proctor houses. At Proctor's Fifth Avenue a stupendous production will be made of the greatest of all Drury Lane successes, "Hearts are Trumps," by Cecil Raleigh and Arthur Collins. Mr. Proctor has been in cable communication with Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane, London, for the past four months, and negotiations for this tremendous undertaking, on the part of a permanent stock company, were completed last week. Models of all the scenery were sent over and a score of the scenic artists and mechanics in New York are now completing in every detail an exact duplicate of the original production for next week. The cast will include over fifty people, and will be composed of the picked members of the permanent stock. Minnie Seligman will assume the leading female role, as the Lady Winnifred. William Bramwell will appear as Basis Gillespie. Florence Reed will assume the long and difficult part of Maud St. Trevor.

Augustus Pitou's graceful and clever Irish comedy, "Garret O'Magh," made famous by Chauncey Olcott, will be given a brilliant production at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street next week. The vaudeville will include Francis Le Page, the world's greatest jumper; Murry and Slater, song and dance comedians, and many others.

A week of all-star vaudeville will be the "thing" at Proctor's Twenty-third Street next week. The program has been arranged in so even a balance as to quality and quantity that the average patron will have some difficulty in picking out the best acts. James J. Corbett, the ex-champion pugilist of the world, has been engaged at great expense by Mr. Proctor for one week only.

Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street house will have a strong attraction next week in "The Bells of Haslemere." This splendid drama, by Henry Pettit and Sydney Grundy, will be given an extraordinary scenic production with a capital cast. The principal parts will be portrayed by Adelaide Keim and James E. Wilson. The cast will include all the Harlem Stock favorites, such as Arthur F. Buchanan, A. Dudley Hawley, Albert C. Joy, Benjamin Horning, Charles M. Seay, Sol. Aiken, Polly Stockwell, Margaret Kirker, Cecylle Mayer and other. One act in this splendid play represents a Magnolia Swamp, and is produced with brilliant detail, with fire flies, sinking sun and other natural effects. Vaudeville between the acts.

Williamsport, Pa.

The Deaf-Mutes of the city and vicinity held a masquerade party at Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Longenberger's home, No. 327 Main St., South Williamsport, on New Year's Eve. It was very successful, and had a splendid sum for the Locomotive Beneficial Fund for the Deaf. The out-of-town guests that took part in it were, Messrs. William Hummel and Lambert Teufel, of Milton, Prussel Fahnstock, of Muncy. The Sour Kraut and Bean Party was held at Mr. John Eigenbrodt's aunt, Mrs. Millie Gallew's residence, in this city, last Saturday night. Those attending it, enjoyed it much. Messrs. Lambert, Teufel and William E. Hummel, of Milton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Longenberger, on New Year's Eve. Lambert is working at the Milton Machine shop, and is satisfied with his position.

Miss Marion Hall, of Montonsville, left for Nebraska last Wednesday. She stopped at Pittsburgh, seeing her friend, Miss Mary Garman, on the way to the West.

Mrs. Prussel Fahnstock, of Muncy, was in town last Saturday. Miss Annie Longenberger paid a week's visit at Muncy recently. Mrs. Leroy Moore, of Wellsboro, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Eigenbrodt, and also of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Longenberger on New Year's.

Mr. Victor Wilcox, of Olinsville, was in town last month. He returned home after failing to find work here.

Mr. Augustus Hinz returned home after spending the Christmas holidays with his parents, near Wilkes-barre.

W. H. R.

BUFFALO AND ROCHESTER.

BUFFALO.

First and Third Sunday of each month (in the basement of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street), 8 P.M., Evening Prayer; Second Sunday, 11 A.M., Holy Communion; Fourth Sunday, 11 A.M., Morning Prayer.

All other Sundays (on the second floor of the Parish House, 128 Pearl Street, opposite St. Paul's Church).
Second and Fourth Sundays, 8 P.M. Meeting of the Pan-a-Pan Society, (on the Parish House).

ROCHESTER.

In Parish House of St. Luke's Church.
First Sunday of month, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

Second and Fourth Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Third Sunday, 11 A.M. Morning Prayer.

First Thursday of month, 8 P.M. Ladies' Society.
All other Thursdays, 8 P.M. Social gatherings.

NEW YORK.

Newark Entertainment a Success.

GEORGE FARLEY DEAD.

Society and Personal News.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

The entertainment given by the New Jersey Society, in Newark, last Saturday night was a great success.

The attendance was far ahead, in numbers, of any like affair given by the same organization for several years. The hall was literally packed, standing room being at a premium. In fact, the assemblage reminded one of an elevated car during the "rush" hours. The overflow had to lounge around and puff havanas in a rear room.

It was a little after nine o'clock when Chairman Lawrence opened the program with a short address. He expressed pleasure at seeing so many present, and regret that the hall was not larger. He explained that the proceeds would go to the Death Fund of the Society, to help give decent burial to those of the deaf who died in straitened circumstances. He then announced that a short pantomime would be enacted, entitled "How Charley Soft Drinks Won His Bride."

The curtain was then drawn aside, revealing Mrs. John Black in the character of a young and lovely maiden, and her papa (Charles Casella), in a fine costume in which box plaid predominated, seated in an arm-chair reading THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

John Black impersonated "Charley Soft Drinks," who was in love with the daughter. The play was animated and amusing throughout, and received much applause.

A box of envelopes containing each a numbered card, was then sold among the assemblage at five cents each. The winning number was to get a small bust of Lord Byron. It went, appropriately, to one of our modern deaf poets, Mr. R. E. Maynard, who was "bowed by the weight" of the good fortune which had befallen him.

A crystal vase, with a beautifully gilt base, also was won in the same manner, but by whom we did not discover. About twenty-five minor prizes were distributed, and then dancing was indulged in.

The night was a very stormy one, and it was remarkable that so many attended. Among those present, we noticed:

Mr. and Mrs. C. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Black, Mr. and Mrs. E. Scheffer, Mr. and Mrs. Waldron, Mr. and Mrs. Hargit, Mr. and Mrs. Kime, Miss Martha Jaycox, Miss Menow and J. B. Ward, Miss Maggie Finn, Miss Cecelia Lynch, of New Brunswick, Miss Redman, Miss Schmidt, Mr. Paul Kees, Mr. Dick Salmon, Mr. John Newcomb, Mr. Willie Long, Mr. Pidecock, Mr. McLaren, Mr. E. Brown, Mr. J. Buckley, Mr. A. L. Thomas, Mr. Moses, Mr. Loew, Mr. Moore, Mr. Gieger, Miss Hines, Miss Jost, Miss Conklin, Miss Heiligh and Mrs. Guss, of Elizabeth, Miss Rachel Moses, Mr. and Mrs. Mickle, of Paterson, Miss Lena Burke, of New Haven, with hearing relatives, H. J. Haight, F. W. Nubner, Fred. Knox, R. E. Maynard, Frank Brown, and twenty members of the Brooklyn Society, all wearing badges.

Taken altogether, the New Jersey Society this time has made a record that should attract still greater numbers of the deaf to future affairs.

With Mr. Gus Matzart as chairman, the New Jersey Society will bring off a picnic on the 11th of July, and desire other societies to note the date. Particulars will be advertised later on.

Harry Dickerson, who launched out on the sea of matrimony a month ago with a beautiful bride and bright prospects, struck a streak of bad luck the other day. He went to one of the Child's restaurants for his lunch, as usual, hanging his overcoat to one of the many gilded hooks that line the walls; but when he rose to go, his overcoat had disappeared. He will try to recover its value from the proprietor, seeking legal aid if necessary. Meanwhile, he and his bride begin housekeeping in an apartment house at 127th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue.

George Farley, one of the Fanwood High Class honor graduates of about thirty years ago, died in this city, on the morning of Monday, January 26th. He was a member of Typographical Union No. 6, from which full particulars concerning his death may be obtained. He leaves a wife and two grown-up children, who reside in Ulster, N. Y.

Mrs. Wm. Fitz Gerald, Mrs. A. Pfeiffer, Mrs. C. Fetscher, and Miss Gertrude Turner, the committee

having in charge the next social, in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's, 148th Street West of Amsterdam Avenue, on Tuesday evening, February 2d, extend a cordial invitation to all the deaf to be present. Games will be played and refreshments served.

Present indications point to a very big crowd at the indoor football game of the Lexington A. A., (Deaf-Mutes) on Wednesday evening, February 11th. More than 400 tickets have been sold so far, and if the present rate of selling keeps on for a week, there is not the slightest doubt that all the tickets on hand will be exhausted. However, those who are desirous of obtaining a seat at the game, regardless of the large number of people who intend to be there, can obtain a "reserved box seat" at only 50 cents, (boxes at \$1.50) by applying to the manager, Marcus L. Kenner, at his address, 123 East 3d Street, City, enclosing the sum, on receipt of which a "reserved box ticket" will be promptly forwarded. There are only 32 reserved seats, more than half of which have already been sold, and it is therefore necessary to send in applications as early as possible. The officially adopted colors of the Lexingtons are Orange and Green.

Three deaf-mute and one hearing basketball team will appear at Dr. Savage's gymnasium, 308 310 West 59th Street, on Saturday evening, January 31st, at 8 P.M. All the teams will play during the evening. The first game will be played by the Xavier Mutes and the Olivets (115 lbs.) of this city, and the following game between the "Quiet Five" and Trenton Mutes, of Trenton, N. J. There may also be a wrestling match, on the mat, between Mr. C. Sanford, heavyweight champion of the D. M. A. C., and a hearing or deaf heavy man. The court is easily reached. Take the elevated cars and stop at 59th Street, or the trolley cars. Admission will be twenty-five cents.

Mr. Thomas Francis Fox will provide a rich treat for the Society of Deaf Members of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, on the evening of February 6th, when he gives the long-looked-for reading of Lord Lytton's highly dramatic piece of "Cardinal Richelieu." A lover of books, Mr. Fox always prepares his lectures and readings thoroughly, and for the average deaf an entertainment of this kind is better than occupying an orchestra seat in the opera house. The members extend a cordial invitation to all the deaf to share the pleasure with them.

At the rooms of the League of Elect Surds, Wednesday evening, January 21st, the laws regulating the Sick and Death Benefit Fund were framed and adopted. Half the profits of all entertainments given by the L. E. S., will go to this benevolent purpose.

It is said that the members of the Brooklyn Society, with their wives and sweethearts, will all attend the entertainment of the League of Elect Surds. That is a good example, and will surely be returned with interest to the Brooklyn boys two days later.

Walter B. Taylor slipped on the ice, last Monday week, and sprained his ankle. He was taken to St. John's Hospital, Long Island City. The doctor thinks he will not be able to walk for a month.

A brother of Mr. A. E. Galland died, on Friday, January 23d, after an operation performed at the New York Post-Graduate Hospital. He was buried on Sunday, the interment being at Washington Cemetery.

Please sign your name and address to all items sent in for this column. We will not publish your name, but can not print items unless we know by whom they are sent.

The deaf members of Dr. Johnston's Church have completed arrangements for the publication of a monthly paper. The first issue will be out shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Waters started last week for Hartford, to visit their *Alma Mater*, the American School for the Deaf.

Miss Lena Sussman is quite sad because her sister and brother-in-law have gone to South Africa, there to make their future abode.

Miss Nellie Price is in this city, visiting relatives and friends. She will return to Washington in a week or two.

Edgar Bloom was in Boston last week and met Harry White, who inquired about his New York friends.

The Gallaudet Tablet Fund Committee held a meeting, at the home of Mr. A. A. Barnes, last week. Miss Lena Burke, of New Haven, Ct., is in town, a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman have gone to Atlantic City for a stay of ten days.

Wanted.

A HOUSEKEEPER, not over 45 years of age. Must be strictly temperate, willing and obliging. Address: Widower, care of THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

CHICAGO.

Literary Exercises at the Club.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

And a Budget of Brevities.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

The Literary Circle of the Pas-nas Club was opened in regular form by Mrs. President Watson, at the club rooms last Saturday evening, who introduced Mr. S. Teft Walker to give a lecture on "Venezuela." His lecture was short, but to the point. After that, Messrs. Kessler and Changnon acted as humorists in a dialogue.

Mr. Codman, chairman of Entertainment Committee, announces the following program for February:

February 14—Domestic Science contest. Several ladies have been selected for the different booths to tend pure food show. Foods will be accepted with receipts.

February 21—Masquerade ball, on Ellis Avenue, near 33d Street.

Ladies and gentlemen of the South Side, under skillful direction of Mrs. G. T. Dougherty, with the aid of Mr. William Wayman, sprung an impromptu surprise on Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Seaton, on the night of the 17th, at the Wayman residence. Mr. and Mrs. Seaton, were completely taken off their feet. Delicious refreshments were served, and the party broke up at midnight. Mrs. Seaton made a charming hostess, and Mr. Seaton looked happy.

Mr. Geo. T. Dougherty's aged mother will stay with his family this winter. She enjoys the music little Julia plays on the piano every day, after the school is out.

Mr. John Gottschalg, of Joliet, made a flying visit to his sister, Mrs. Colby, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Norris were remembered on their silver wedding day, by Prof. and Mrs. D. W. George, of Jacksonville, with a present of a solid silver spoon. Mrs. Norris and Mrs. George were old chums at school.

Mrs. Morton Sonneborn and Mrs. Henrietta Left returned home January 10th, from a two weeks' visit in New York City. Mrs. Jacques Loew accompanied them. She will stay in Chicago for about a month. Her friends were glad to see her again.

Mr. Ed. Des Rocher was on the sick list last week, with a severe abscess on the right hand.

Mr. Moise Changnon has gone to Kankakee, to see his mother and sister, who are preparing to leave for New York.

The Ladies' Aid Society will hold its business meeting on the afternoon of February 4th, at the usual place. A full attendance is desired. The newly installed officers will reside.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Colby, who have been seriously ill for the past two weeks, are improving rapidly.

Mrs. Samuel Norris has decided to take her aged aunt over on the north side, to live with her at her new home in Gano.

The following is clipped from the *Churchman* of January 24:—"The first Church service for deaf-mutes in the history of Oklahoma was held in Guthrie on the Sunday following Christmas Day, by the Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, general missionary to deaf-mutes in Western and Northwestern dioceses. The territorial school for deaf-mutes is located at Guthrie and the service was largely attended by the pupils and teachers of the school. The missionary also officiated three times at the school during his brief visit."

The regular business meeting of the F. S. D. was held at the Jung Hall, Saturday evening, January 17th, with Mr. President Barrow in the chair.

Mrs. Jacques Loew, of New York City, and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn, made a pleasant afternoon visit to Mrs. E. N. Bowes, in the west side, and dined with her on the 21st inst.

Mrs. Geo. Taylor, mother-in-law of Mr. F. P. Gibson, is seen regularly attending the M. E. Church.

Mr. Ben Frank is still interested in Kodak work, and Mrs. Frank is proud in the possession of many different photos.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kingon's only son, sixteen years old, is now working for the Plow Confectionery Co. He likes his place well.

Mr. Bert Wortman, of Ohio, is in this city, a happy man. His wife is at present visiting relatives in Columbus, and will come to join her husband at "Carterville," on the West side.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Lambert were seen at the M. E. Church recently.

The Chicago friends of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Mullen, of Pennsylvania, would like to know how they are getting along.

The grand reception, at the Sheridan Hall, on the West side, given by "Silent Four" Pleasure Club, last week, was reported a success.

Mr. Lambert, mother of Mrs. John Heinlein, was stricken with paralysis. The Heinlein family are now stopping with their grandmother in Fernwood. Mr. John Heinlein is reported much worse, though comfortable, at the incurable hospital on the South Side.

Mr. George Martin, of Ohio, has secured a position at the Cartier Electric Plant.

Mrs. E. N. Bowes is confined at home with a cold.

Mrs. Fred Ryan and children have returned home safely from a month's visit with her folks in Wisconsin.

Mr. Oscar Pearson is reported very ill.

Mr. Joe Hank, a young fellow, has entered as a student with the International Correspondence Schools, in Pennsylvania, and is studying the Architectural drawing. Hope he will turn out to be a first class architect.

Miss Cora Benter, of Chicago, was married to Mr. William Brod-wolf last Saturday, and immediately went to housekeeping. Congratulations.

Mr. Gny Raser was laid up for a week with a sore hand.

Mr. Thomas McCauley, of La Salle, has secured a job as a brick-layer on the South Side, near the Stock Yards.

Mr. Peter N. Heller, Jr., of Detroit, was in this city, the guest of Mr. Waterman. Mr. Heller is the grand president of the F. S. D.

Mrs. Samuel Perlmutter, of St. Louis, arrived in this city last week to join her husband, who has got a place in the Cartier Electric Plant.

Mr. August Whitman has returned from St. Louis to his old place in the Pullman shop again. He prefers to face the cold winds here than the robbers in St. Louis.

The Fraternal Society is preparing to give a grand masquerade ball on the 7th of February. The boys expect a big crowd.

One day last week, a fond deaf husband in the kitchen was cleaning a dish. He had spent a good deal of time on it, for he wished to have it thoroughly dry, and just as he was giving it the finishing touches, it slipped from his hands, and fell to the floor. Needless to say, it was entirely destroyed.

When his wife heard the crash, she looked up from her sewing, but all she said, was "Well, you were foolish to wipe that dish before you broke it. The girls always break the dishes first."

The colored deaf-mute by the name of Roloozer, who has been on a trial for murder of two men, was sentenced to Joliet for fourteen years. He is unable to read or write or to carry on a conversation in the sign language.

"The sentence has not yet been pronounced by Judge McEwen, and the best means of communicating the information to Roloozer is still being discussed. The state still sticks to the idea of showing the convicted man pictures of the penitentiary and a man behind the bars, and then by the use of a calendar to show him that he is to serve fourteen years for his offense.

Roloozer, whose right name is James Philip Allen, was born Louisville, about thirty-three years ago. At the age of 6 years he suffered a severe attack of typhoid fever, which left him both deaf and dumb. Since then he has never learned to read or write, nor the use of the sign language.

For quite a while he was employed by Lee Robinson, a barber at 11 Polk street, as porter and bootblack. He became involved in a quarrel with his employer on the morning of April 20th last, and waving the other barbers out of the way opened fire on Robinson. Robinson and a customer who was in the shop were killed.

The employees of Plows Confectionery gave a ball last Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kingon enjoyed it hugely; by chance the occasion being the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Kingon. Mr. Plows is a brother-in-law to Mr. Kingon.

Tutti Frutti Whist Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morton Sonneborn Friday evening last. The gent's prize went to Mr. Codman, while Miss Young claimed ladies'.

The next meeting will be at the home of Mr. Oscar Regens-burg.

CHICAGO.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class, at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Friday evening, February 6th, Prof. Thomas F. Fox will entertain with a reading of Lord Lytton's "Cardinal Richelieu." Every one is cordially invited to attend.

St. Valentine Fun in the Club Room, on Friday, the thirteenth.

OHIO.

Wedded after Many Tribulations.

BURGLARS FOILED.

News of the Week.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

There was a wedding of a deaf-mute couple Wednesday evening, at 1467 Atchison Street, this city, the contracting parties thereto being Mrs. Laura Mitchell and Harry A. Swander, of Corunna, Ind. Rev. Wm S. Eagleson tied the nuptial knot, doing it in the sign-language. There is a bit of romance attached to this union. Neither of the parties had seen each other previous to the day of the wedding, the arrangements for the affair having been brought to a focus through mutual friends by correspondence. The maiden name of the bride is Laura Cydrus, and some years ago she was married to a Mr. Mitchell, who died a couple of years ago and Mrs. Mitchell has since been employed in the State bindery. The couple had decided upon last Thanksgiving day to join hearts and hands, and the prospective groom came over to Columbus, on the appointed day. Columbus, however, is a big city, and when he landed within its confines he got confused as to the location of the street whereon his *duce puella* was awaiting anxiously his arrival. But "He cometh not," when night came on, she was constrained to say, and no reason could she give. A few days later a missive from him explained the cause, and also renewing his steadfast devotion to her. He had simply been unable to find the house, and had returned home. Arrangements had been made to have the wedding on Christmas, but as reported in the JOURNAL, the father of the bride was killed by being run over by a train of cars, three days before the date fixed upon. That necessitated another postponement. January 21st was the next date decided upon. It was the third attempt, and this time proved a charm, for the union was actually effected, and the friends of the bride here wish her bushels of happiness as well as her partner, who it is stated is well-to-do, being a farmer and land owner.

It isn't nice these cold nights to be awakened about one o'clock in the morning, and he compelled to go down stairs to see if not some festive burglar is in the house, and on landing down there to find all the doors open and things scattered about the room. That is an experience Mr. A. H. Schory had to go through last Friday night. About one o'clock, Mrs. Schory was awakened, and seeing the door of their room open requested her husband to get up, and see if everything was all right. Reaching the floor below he found the kitchen doors open, and the silverware, usually left on the side-board, heaped up on the table. There was other evidence that some one had been going through closets and cupboards in search of valuables—but it is very likely before the job was completed a sudden retreat had to be made by the unwelcome intruder, probably Mr. Schory's coming down stairs. The next morning a five-dollar bill was found in the hall at the door which the thief had taken from Mr. Schory's clothes, and in the hurry to get out of the house, had dropped. How the thief got into the house is not known unless through the front door, and it seems likely that he was inside when the oldest son of Mr. Schory came home about half past eleven o'clock. Everything in the rooms was in perfect order then, but the dog which was kept in the house, was growling and upon being told to stop ceased, which is its habit. Its growling, it was thought was caused by some outside dogs or passers. Had a thorough search been made then of the parlor or sitting room, perhaps the unwelcome guest would have been discovered.

Tuesday morning eight of the deaf connected with the Institution had orchestra seats in the High Street Theatre, and enjoyed the performances, given in "McFadden's Row of Flats." For this courtesy they are indebted to Mr. Alexander Pach, of New York, who sent on the order for tickets, and to the acting manager, Mr. Thomas R. Henry. The performances were of the kind to drive away that "tired feeling," and bring on the laugh. The drills by the company were just fine, as also the costumes and the scenery magnificent. The two dwarfs in the play were a show in themselves as clever as one could wish.

Miss Bertha Renike did not stay long with the Wolfe Shoe Company, for after a few days work there, she was offered, and accepted a place as dining-room girl in the Institution.

Mr. Charles Smith, of Erie, Penn.,

is in Toledo, and will soon give a wrestling exhibition there. He is said to have considerable skill in that line. He is a graduate of Fanwood, and by the way married one of Ohio's deaf daughters, Miss Lilly Bruno.

Mr. William F. Schneider, finding Toledo air a little monotonous, came down to Columbus Sunday for a little change.

Mrs. George McGown came from Toledo Sunday, and went on to Newark, her former home, where she visited relatives.

Paper has run out at the bindery, and as a consequence the folders are compelled to take a rest. Miss Emma Bird is taking hers over at her sister's, Mrs. Simon Kingry, at Urban Crest, and Miss Bertha Dress-back has gone to her home in Licking County.

Miss Della Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rice, was one of the nineteen students who graduated from the Columbus Normal School, Wednesday evening.

The second term of the school year began Wednesday.

Superintendent and Mrs. Jones returned Thursday evening from a week's visit to the former's home in Adams County. It was killing two birds with one stone. Mr. Jones had been called down to do the interpreting for a case before the Common Pleas Court, in which a deaf-mute was interested.

A fine crop of sore arms abounds at the Institution among pupils and officers alike, caused by vaccination.

A. B. G.

Memorial.

From the Members of All Angels' Mission for Deaf-Mutes, Trinity Parish, Chicago, Diocese of Chicago, the Rev. Austin Ward Mann, Priest in charge.

When it is desired to express in a fitting way the esteem felt for one, who lived a life of eminent usefulness, and possessed many endearing qualities of head and heart, it is found that words, however well chosen, are not equal to the purpose. Of the truth of this, we are conscious as memory recalls to the faithful Pastor, who moved in and out amongst us for three score years, bearing steadily and persistently, the "Glad Message" of the Son of Man to sin-stricken humanity.

He, the Reverend Thomas Gallaudet, Doctor of Divinity, worked along quietly, laying foundations of love and deep. In this pioneer work of the Protestant Episcopal Church among the deaf-mutes, he was eminently fitted to explain many things, and remove many misconceptions. What he accomplished along educational and religious lines is too large for mention in this Memorial. But we wish to place on record here our conviction that the world is the better for his having lived.

It is sad to realize that the one who wished well for all alike, and won a place in all hearts, has bidden us the final Good Bye,—which is God be with ye,—and "passed beyond the veil," to "the bourne from which no traveler returns." But, to use the words of a Priest of the Church, who was a dear friend of his: "We must not think of our dead as dead, but alive unto God. He must have his old place in our hearts and our prayers."

And now, as we bring to a close this loving expression of love and devotion for the one we shall see no more, let us resolve to keep in mind, and be influenced by, these words of the wise man of Holy Writ: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is no work, no device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest."

Unusual Spring Attractions at the Eden Musee.

The attractions at the Eden Musee are always of an interesting character, but during the coming months the special and extra attractions will be unusually good. De Kolta will remain another month and mystify visitors with new illusions. Several hundred new moving pictures have been secured, and a number of different series will be shown each day. Every wax figure and group in the Musee is being remodelled. They will be given new costumes, and new colorings, and then will follow a re-arrangement of the groups. In addition many new groups and figures will be placed on exhibition. A corps of fifteen artists are at work all the time on these new groups, and they will represent the most artistic productions ever made in wax. The afternoon and evening concerts will have varied programmes of vocal and instrumental classical music. The new orchestra is winning much praise, and lovers of music find the Musee one of the most interesting places in New York City. The new moving pictures include a variety of subjects. Most of them are of scenes and incidents that visitors would have hard work in seeing in actuality. Among them are manoeuvres of war ships, sham battles, drilling of soldiers, races, games, and humorous pictures. In addition there are a large number of specially colored mysterious pictures. It is impossible to adequately describe these pictures. In them the most marvelous things happen. There are ghosts and fairies, demons and hobgoblins, and other supernatural things. People appear out of thin air and disappear in smoke. Inanimate objects take on life. Were it not for the humorous situations the pictures would be too thrilling to exhibit. But as it is they are extremely humorous, and visitors think it is the most natural thing possible for such strange things to happen, apparently right before their eyes. A series of twelve pictures is shown each hour during the day and evening. De Kolta appears only in the evening.

PHILADELPHIA.

Deaf-Mute Almost Electrocuted.

SCHOOL APPROPRIATIONS.

Events to Come.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1338 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. William F. Irvin had such a novel experience on Thursday of last week that we wonder he looked so well when we saw him on Sunday at All Souls'. He came near being electrocuted. He was told, in the car shops of the Camden and Suburban Trolley Railway Company, in Camden. On the day mentioned, he had occasion to work near a small switch-board in the Paint Department, and there came in contact with a live wire. Instantly he was charged with five hundred volts of electricity and he fell as though shot. He was alive though, yes, very much alive, and for a while he was wriggling on the floor like a helpless eel, trying to escape but being unable to do so. Finally, employes discovered his plight, and by means of a rope pulled him into a safe place where he was treated and restored to health. He tells us that it was pretty tough experience, and that he wouldn't care to have it repeated. His robust health probably saved him from faring worse in the above accident.

Our schools for the deaf are being subjected to another period of anxiety while their State appropriations are pending in the Legislature now in session. For some years past, some of the schools did not get what they asked for, but, with a new Governor and a well-filled treasury, conditions seem better now, hence the anxiety. The State Board of Charities, which first passes upon the appropriations asked has recommended all our schools ask for, except that of the Scranton School. Below are the figures, the first column representing the amounts asked for, and the second, the amounts recommended by the Board:

Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Philadelphia.....	200,000 00	200,000 00
Western Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Allegheny County.....	183,900 00	183,900 00
Pennsylvania School for Deaf, Scranton.....	90,500 00	92,000 00
Home for Training Deaf Children in Speech, Philadelphia.....	38,500 00	38,500 00
Total recommended.....	\$534,400 00	

This sum will be for two years.

Those members of the Clero Literary Association who were absent from the last meeting, on January 22d, missed a rare treat (?) for the following questions were discussed: "Should a man marry on \$10.00 a week?" "Should a girl marry a man who drinks?" "Should a bride obey?"

We confess that we were of the absent who missed the treat, so we can not give a "second-hand treat" here.

A Ribbon Social and Oyster Supper is being arranged in aid of All Souls' Mission. It will be held on Monday evening, February 23d, at All Souls' Hall, and will be in charge of the following committee—Mr. William F. Durian, Chairman; Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders and Miss Grace Koehler. Particulars will be given later.

The Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held an important meeting in this city last Saturday evening, 24th of January.

Prof. J. D. Kirkhuff, of the Mt. Airy School, has been confined to his room with a severe cold for the past two weeks.

Miss Mary E. Taylor has also been confined to the house with a bad cold for some time.

Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders returned to the city last week, a week later than she had originally planned. One of her children caught cold and thus delayed her return.

Owing to the prevalence of small-pox around Chester, all hands at the steel works where Mr. Delp is employed, had to be vaccinated. As a result of it, Mr. Delp got such a swollen arm that he was incapacitated from work for two weeks.

Mrs. Jennie A. Dunner, of Steelton, had her two youngest children admitted to the Home for Training Deaf Children in Speech, this city. She will remain here for about a month. In case that she finds work she may decide to settle down here.

There will be Confirmation at All Souls' on Sunday, March 29th.

The following program has been arranged by the Clero Literary Association.

February 5th—Reading, by Mr. J. S. Reider
12th—Lecture, by Rev. J. M. Koehler. Subject: Abraham Lincoln.
26th—Reading, by Mr. Geo. S. Porter, of Trenton, N. J.

Mr. Henry Blankensee visited Lancaster and Harrisburg last week. At the former place he met Mr. Deuling, with whom he spent some time.

Mr. Joseph Mayer, Jr., mourns the death of her father, who died on January 17th.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Now that the "City of the Angels"—and (non-Angels,) has had the benefit of a good, steady down-pour of refreshing rain to lay the dust, at least, for a time, "Suzanna" hies herself away to her den and once more proceeds to scribble uninterrupted by that merry little insect, the "festable flea." And, by the bye, if there is a creature of its diminutive size which possesses to a greater degree the power of annoying the human being as the despised flea, "Suzanna" has yet to make its acquaintance—and devoutly hopes that she may never be unfortunate enough to get in its way. There are "fleas" and fleas, just as there are creatures and creatures, but for downright malignancy and intent to torment, the Southern California flea is as an object of great disdain to be thought and spoken of as little as possible. There was a time, O! blissful time, when "Suzanna" herself knew not the companionship of such small tormentors, but, alas! those days have fled!

"W. Wade's" article in the December issue of the *Silent Worker*, on Helen Keller, contains no small degree of common sense. For a long time past "Suzanna" has been wont to marvel at the number of fabulous stories concerning the wonderful ability of Helen Keller, which have from time to time been written and published in different papers. Now, far be it from the intent of "Suzanna" to cast a doubt, even the slightest, upon the real ability of Miss Keller to comprehend and accomplish things which, purely on account of her blindness, is a wonder in itself.

But there is such a thing as going too far in the zealous desire to bring to the notice of the general public the advantages of "so and so's" education! The action, alone, savors a little too much of the manner in which the good points of a race horse are daily heralded forth to the notice of the admiring public! Miss Keller may be, and very likely is, fully capable of accomplishing some of these many wonderful things which she is represented as doing or having done. But if those zealous writers after fame, continue to spin out many more yards of silken stories relating to the ever-increasing accomplishments of that young lady, there will, ere long, be nothing left for her to accomplish in the way of wonders, and she will be doomed to die of ennui in the full bloom of glorious youth!

The deaf in general are very proud of their dear Helen Keller, and there is not one, to the knowledge of "Suzanna," who does not sincerely rejoice at her great talent for doing things. But even they, who are compelled to live to some extent apart from the world, in general cannot close their eyes, if they needs must their ears, to the fact that some of the countless stories now being published about Miss Keller are to be taken with "a grain of salt." For instance, one over-zealous person went to the extent of declaring that Helen "could play and sing like an Angel!" another, not less ambitious (of what?) solemnly stated that her comprehension of the English, as well as several foreign languages, was such as to put to shame the average college graduate. That last affidavit may hold water, since the amount of learning in the way of modern languages acquired by the average college girl and boy could easily be wrapt in a thimble; but to say that she can out-distance those who have made the study of languages a passion, is stretching the truth a little!

As for Miss Keller's "wonderful comprehension of music" is there anything really and truly wonderful in that she loves and is able to enjoy the sound of music? The ability to hear music does not depend upon whether one is able to see or not, nor does it always depend upon the ear either. There are not a few deaf-mutes who are passionately fond of music, and can comprehend, through some mysterious influence, the art sufficiently to be able to tell one note from another. "Suzanna" herself is so deaf that whenever one of these occasional earthquakes, which are typical of Southern California, strikes town, she simply goes to see if she has forgotten to turn off the water faucet. Yet, notwithstanding that she could not be possibly deaf, she is able to hear and comprehend to the fullest extent, all the enjoyment to be had from the performance of good music, and considers it a gala day when she is able to attend a musicale or concert where music is instrumental. There are probably many things wonderful in their way, that Helen Keller can do, but have none of the many readers or the numerous articles published concerning her, chanced to reflect that there were probably "others" who, had they had her great good luck in the way of "moneyed" and "influential" friends, might have likewise made similar progress in the same line! Miss Keller's "ability" to comprehend music does not come from any advantage acquired on educational lines, but from the fact that she is evidently possessed of a poetical temperament, and therefore is

enabled to enjoy anything in the way of instrumental music. If those "friends" of hers would pause and reconsider that there is a limit to the capacity of the public to devour whatever is cast in its way, they would save themselves as well as Miss Keller, herself, not a little amount of unfavorable comment. For Heaven's sake! give the poor girl a rest. Don't doom her to go down in history as the little girl who "knew it all." But if you still must tell something about her, let it be, for once, something she did not and could not do. And thereby cause us less favored mortals, who have never been celebrated for any especial intellectual brilliancy in the way of educational feats, to feel that she is, after all, a fellow creature, not a human being set upon a pedestal which is likely to fall after the lapse of years, or upon the falling away of those "friends" who now make such an ado about her.

Mr. H. D. Reaves, well known to the New York mutes, had a stroke of paralysis about two weeks ago, which affected his entire left side, excepting the head and face, but at the present date is reported as being a little improved.

Mrs. R. D. Livingston, of Los Angeles, was recently invited to go to Boston, at the expense of a magazine and book-making firm, to do some reviewing for them, but saw fit to decline on account of the cold weather now prevailing throughout the East, and also on account of the fact, that she much feared she might be frozen stiff, and become a "frozen image" and consequently never return to California again to ascertain as to the state of the household affairs during her absence!

"Suzanna" desires to be remembered to her old friend, the venerable Job Turner, through the columns of the JOURNAL, and to state that she has long wondered why that estimable gentleman has ceased to make his occasional pilgrimage to the "Land of Flow-ers"! "Suzanna" has a great affection for Rev. Turner, partly because of his kind face and amiable ways, and partly because of the fact that during all these long years of unselfish work upon his part towards the welfare of the deaf, he has never seen fit to have his words and daily actions heralded through the columns of papers setting forth his own particular claims to shine forth as a saint! With him, it is to act, not simply to preach! Long life to him!

A Mrs. Price, who came to Los Angeles, not long since in company with her husband and little daughter, from Washington, D. C., is reported as being on the sick list.

"Chicago" is a little in the dark about the present doings of Mrs. Trenholm, formerly Mabel Reed, of Chicago. In the first place, Mrs. Trenholm's husband died eight years ago, not four, since she lived for awhile, some seven years ago with her son and sister at Ann Arbor, Michigan, where the latter was a student, not a teacher, at the University of Michigan. For about three or four years past Mrs. Trenholm has made and still makes her home at the Home for Feeble-minded children at Lincoln, Illinois, where she is employed in some capacity or other. Her little son, who is now about twelve years old, is in Chicago with his foster-parents. Mrs. Trenholm was a classmate, and room fellow of "Suzanna," and the latter feels much compassion for her on account of her many tribulations in the past. If the Illinois deaf should ever succeed in establishing a Home for the Deaf, Mrs. Trenholm should be remembered, for she has truly been very unfortunate, and has suffered much trouble and affliction, owing to an accident which befell her when she lived in Los Angeles. She was run over by a trolley car and barely escaped with her life. As it is, she has never fully recovered from the injury to her right hip, which was fractured.

And by the way, speaking of a Home for the Deaf, why don't the Illinois mutes try and get a Home for their own special deaf? "Suzanna" has often wondered why the many intelligent and capable deaf-mutes of Chicago and vicinity have not done, or at least tried to do, some such philanthropic work. Surely with such a number of earnest workers as make up the Ladies' Aid Society, of Chicago, together with help from numerous other sources, Illinois could, before long, have as good and fine a home for the aged and infirm deaf as that of which Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, respectively, are so proud.

What is the matter with Illinois? If "Suzanna" were only several thousand miles nearer the "Sucker State," she would proceed to make things hum in that direction. As it is, being an old Illinois girl, she feels mighty mortified to realize that she cannot already brag of her "Home for the Deaf." Look at the noble work of the Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio's deaf! What these have done, surely the Illinois deaf can go them even one better! "Suzanna" has got "Illinois Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf" in the brain! (She has only one brain left out of several now, and that small but active member is being entirely

devoted to the above matter.) Let the Chicago deaf, who have long praised themselves as being the most intelligent and influential in the State, come to the front and make their bow! Where is the ever-gallant "Oscar" that he should try to hide his light behind a bushel! Such a notable philanthropist as he, could have no difficulty in starting and maintaining such a noble object! Who knows but that some of us who are now enjoying the many blessings with which the Lord has seen fit to endow us, may, in after years be only too glad to seek the shelter of some such place! Be that as it may, we have need to blush for shame whenever we reflect upon our own selfish neglect to provide for the many unfortunate beings among us.

Little Miss Robertia Adolin Livingston celebrated her fourth birthday on the 21st of December, by inviting a small number of children to her "tree." Among the presents received by the little lady was a large toy piano with a revolving stool, in which the small owner takes great pride. One day her mother on going into the parlor discovered Miss Robertia seated before her piano as usual, and singing at the top of her voice. "What are you singing, Bertie?" asked she. "I am singing, 'I'd be happy with just one boy!'" answered the little Miss. "But you should say with just one girl!" "No, I don't want a girl, I like boys!" returned Miss Bertie. Exit mamma in a hurry! "Suzanna" wonders if Miss Maude Germain, of Morgan Park, Ill., has entirely forgotten her old friend, who took care of the former when she was a tiny, dark-haired and black-eyed mite of eight, attending the Illinois school? Miss Maude always confided to "Suzanna" all her little troubles, such as the dreadful tyranny of certain supervisors who would not let her do just as she pleased. If Miss Germain (how funny it seems to "Suzanna" to call her "Miss Germain") has forgotten all about "Suzanna" who was not "Suzanna" then, she can find out more about her (if she should care to do so) by asking Mrs. Morton Sonneborn who gave "Suzanna" her sign for her name which is the same as her (Mrs. Sonneborn's) own. A Happy New Year to all! SUZANNA.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 1903.

TROY N. Y.

The reorganization of the defunct Deaf-Mute's Literary Society was to have taken effect Saturday, January 24th, but for two young men who, being likely to be as sharp as a needle, paced the platform giving their views respectively on the matter. After that, the chairman, by general request, appointed a committee which will make a report next week, before a plan of action can be decided upon.

Mr. and Mrs. Thure E. Carlman were out of town all day Sunday, visiting friends.

Mrs. John R. Becker left for home in North Easton, after a few days' visit with her parents in this town.

Charles D. Gale, of the Gallaudet College, is in Troy, and may prolong his stay here.

Mr. H. A. Burt is authority for the statement that a deaf friend of his, who not long ago married a hearing woman of 83, owning property, including 360 acres out in Vermont, has now become the owner of the property in question, together with some money left him, by his late wife. The lucky deaf-mute, who is only 27 years old, is soon to take unto himself a charming young deaf wife.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen delivered a lecture on the Monroe Doctrine, before the deaf-mutes, on Saturday, January 17th.

Young Colwell, who was stricken down with typhoid fever, is on the road to recovery.

A deaf-mute, hailing from Hartford, Conn., was in this vicinity peddling matches.

Her many friends will be glad to hear that Miss Mary Lewis, who was for six weeks confined to her bed with fever, is now up and about.

Mrs. Naggsby—I dreamed last night that I was deaf and dumb.

Naggsby—Dreams like that are always too good to be true.

Miss Margaret E. Flynn, was down this way Sunday, visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Connerton.

Richard Sherwood, in cutting some kindling with a sharp knife, one morning, accidentally cut open the palm of his left hand between thumb and forefinger. He went right away to see a doctor, who put in two stitches to close the wound.

George Fisher has obtained a better job in Schenectady. Speaking of old times at Fanwood, I am reminded that George would, at an early hour in the morning of the anniversary of his birthday, be caught hold of by his old teasers, who treated him to a cold bath, and George would wish he had been born during the vacation.

C.

A Sad Case.

Superintendent Gordon was obliged to decline re-admission to a grown man who left this school in a pique more than ten years ago. Having

very little education, he earns his living by ill paid common labor. His mother writes in his behalf, saying that "he has to work the flesh off his hands. His hands does be all cut and bleeding from the work that he has to do. I, his mother, does be heart broken the way we have to get along. It is hard Enofe for hearing and speaking people to make a living without Education But it is still harder for the Deaf and Dumb. The work that he does would kill a horse, and nothing for it. He is all that I have left, and it is hard for a Mother to See her only one killed with hard work and no wages."

When that boy left school with an imaginary grievance no doubt he was petted and coddled by his parents. They not only kept their own boy out of school, but they did all they could to give the school a bad name. The boy has become a man and sees his folly. His heart-broken mother, a widow, poor and forlorn, has at last discovered her mistake. Her son is now too old to enter school, and he must lie in the bed which he has made for himself. A like fate, or worse, awaits every deaf boy and girl leaving school unprepared for the duties of life.—*New Era*.

1902 SEASON 1903

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AT
Dr. Savage's Gymnasium
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TWO GAMES

XAVIER MUTES

VS.

OLIVETS

"QUIET FIVE,"

of D. M. A. C.

VS.

TRENTON MUTES

of Trenton, N. J.

On Saturday Evening,
January 31, 1903

Game at 8:30 P.M.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS.

1897 1903

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Football Game

FOR THE 130-45. CHAMPIONSHIP OF
NEW YORK CITY.

Lexington A. A. (Deaf-Mutes)

VS.

Winnipeg A. C. (of Yorkville)

Preliminaries.

Central A. C. vs. Tiger A. C.

Wednesday Evening,
February 11, 1903

AT

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RIDING ACADEMY

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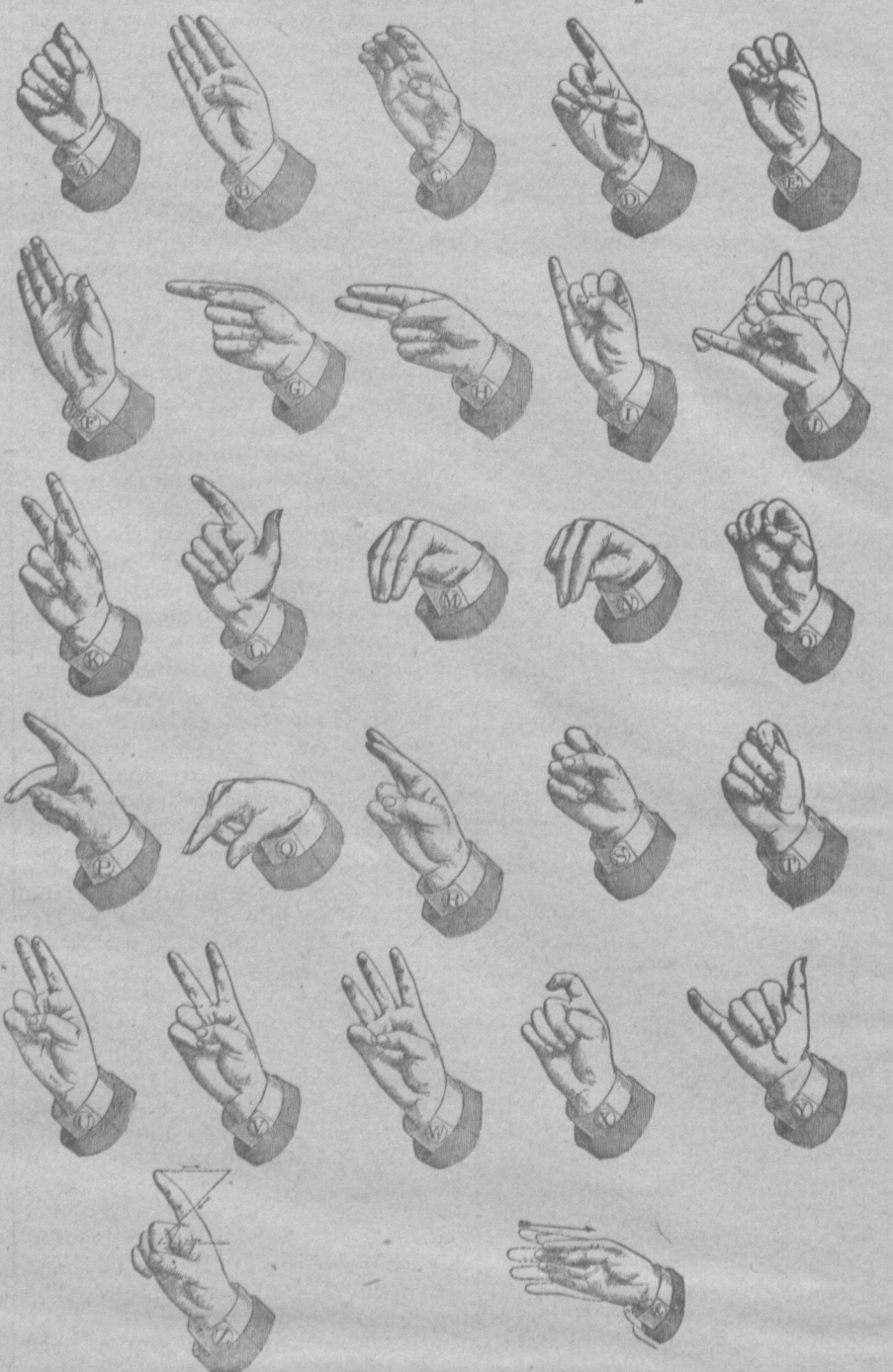
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- II. EXHIBITION BY FANWOOD FIFE AND DRUM CORPS.
- III. ROMAN LADDER TRIO—Led by Mr. Trevanion G. Cook.
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